FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Two one-armed men applauded in a Stockholm theater by slapping their remaining hands together.

—The supply of amber on the shores of the Baltic is said to be sufficient to last the world thirty thousand years.

—In consideration of the continued depression in agriculture, the Duke of Newcastle has returned to his tenants twenty per cent. of their rents for the past half year.

—Innocent men have been so frequently convicted of crime in Germany of late that the press of the country is calling earnestly for a law to secure indemnification at the hands of the government in such cases.

—The wife of the editor of the Sydney *Herald*, a lady of great beauty, personified "The Press" at the Savage Club ball in London recently. The dress was made of white satin on which actual copies of her husband's paper had been printed in colored inks.

—The widow of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was murdered in Phœnix Park, Dublin, will be married again before the termination of the present year. The second marriage, it is stated, has the approval of her late husband's relatives.

—The visitor to the Cologne Cathedral is met at the entrance by a shaven-crowned, serge-robed and sandal-footed monk, whose duty it is to present with his left hand a card printed in German, English and French, politely requesting a contribution for the building fund of the church, while with his right hand he holds out a silver platter.

—Monte-Christi, Ecuador, has recently been the scene of a bloody affair. A Colonel captured the town and imprisoned the prominent citizens. A rescuing party in turn captured the place, but found the prominent citizens murdered during the action. Such of the first capturing party as could be caught were then tried, and four of them were publicly shot in the square.

—Some fishermen near Lustruy captured a few days ago a thrasher shark over fourteen feet long. It was exhibited in a stall at the Fisheries' Exhibition, where it attracted a good deal of attention. Professor Huxley went to see it, and pronounced it to be the largest and finest specimen of the thrasher shark seen in England during the last forty years. He purchased it for scientific purposes.

—The death of King Mtesa, of Unganda, removes a very picturesque African potentate. His chair used to be placed on a leopard skin in the hall of audience, so that the hind claws served as a footstool, while the tail stretched along the floor in front. A number of charms and a tusk were piled in a heap beside him, and his Grand Vizier and other courtiers were constantly employed in smoothing down the creases in his trouses. The late Khedive sent two sheikhs to convert him to Mohammedanism, but in vain.

Taking Stock.

One of the most graphic incidents in the tale of "Locke Amsden, or the Green Mountain Schoolmaster," is the trial of a case in which the old-fashioned "store keeping" system is amusingly delineated. The trader sued one of his customers to recover the value of a cheese, which he swore most positively that he had sold him. The defendant confessed to buying a grindstone, but swore as positively as did the plaintiff that he never bought a cheese of him in his life. Both parties were honest men, and the whole difficulty, which culminated in a neighborhood row, arose from the defective methods of the trader. He knew nothing of double entry, he didn't understand single entry; he could neither read, write nor cipher with any fluency, but he did keep his accounts after a fashion. When he sold a cheese he drew a circle against the man's name. When he sold a grindstone, he also drew a circle, but put a dot in the middle, the latter to represent the crank shaft on which it hung. In the case litigated, he really had sold a grindstone, but failed to put a dot in the circle of his entry. This incident well illustrates the carelessness and inefficiency of the business methods of thousands of retail dealers in every department of trade. A "good stand" in country trade a generation and more ago would almost run itself without any brains, and prove a paying investment. A dealer who got a good living out of his store, kept his store full of goods and found a respectable surplus of cash or "good accounts" on hand at the end of the year, never cared to probe his business any deeper. He never knew how much money he made—in fact, he never considered the question. If the remarkable notion had seized his mind of ascertaining the percentage of his gains, he could by no possibility have determined the question. Such a thing as "taking account of stock" would have appeared a herculean task. Your old-fashioned trader, with his groceries on one side of the store and his calicoes on the other, would have laughed derisively at the idea of measuring up his molasses, oil, etc., as a basis of determining his business standing. He knew that he was making money; the community rated him as a prosperous merchant, and that was enough for him. But times have changed, and yet there are country merchants to-day who do not take account of stock, or "take stock," in the city merchants' shorter phrasing, oftener than once in five years. But in city and country all merchants doing a considerable business take stock as often as once a year, while some of the larger dry goods houses of this city take stock twice a year. In the wholesaling or retailing of every kind of merchandise "taking stock" is an absolute necessity in these days of sharp competition, in order to determine upon which side of the loss and gain account the balance is to fall, and resultantly whether the business has been a paying or a losing one. Everything turns upon the inventory. Bookkeeping in a great dry-goods store is now the marvel of elaborateness and perfection. Every bit of lace and dozen of buttons is so focused under ingenious figures that it can not, on paper, stray far out of place in the columns of sales and profits. But, as will be seen, figures, while they will not lie, because in this business they are not juggled with, still they will not go out of their way to tell the whole truth. Figures in a store will account for all purchases and sales. Once they would not, but merchants have advanced to that point of scrutiny where actual purchases and sales are very reliably recorded. But for the goods unsold, for the goods which should be on the counters and in stock—no account books nor tags—the goods themselves alone must answer. There is a wonderful system of checks and balances in the modern dry-goods establishment, but there is an element in the problem of sales and profits which old-time and smaller dealers were not obliged to consider. The country storekeeper of a quarter of a century ago had to take account of stock in order to learn his standings because he never knew how much he had either bought or sold. He never knew how much cash he ought to have in the drawer, nor how many goods he ought to have in stock. The city merchant of to-day knows all that every Saturday night, and perhaps at the close of each day's business, solely by consulting the footings of his complete account books. The extraordinary advertising of recent times, by means of displaying the goods, involves a hazard of loss which in practice is reduced to the certainty of an immense amount of stealing. No system of accounts foots up the columns of stealings. In former generations, the art of goods display was unknown. Goods in the store were safe from all petty thefts. There were no crowds, few mistakes, and little stealing. At present, there were never so many shrewd precautions taken against loss of goods, and never was there such an outgo in an illegitimate manner. There are three channels of stock depletion which books can not record, i e., sampling, mistakes, and stealings. To ascertain this aggregate, an inventory is essential, and until this aggregate is recorded the profits or loosses of the business can not be known. The knowledge of the results of business is largely dependent upon the system of management and accounts employed in the establishment.—*Boston Herald.*

Lawn-Tennis.

Foot-ball is too rough, cricket is too skilful a game, for everybody to aspire to its honors and delights. But lawn-tennis is within the reach of almost any man, and of any woman under forty. A distinguished statesman could be named, the leader of a great party, and, *pace* Mr. Chamberlain, an indefatigable toiler, who not unfrequently is carried by his boys down to the lawn-tennis ground, where he acquits himself with zeal, if not with dexterity. There are many hard-working professional men who, if pursued to their suburban retreats, would be found exhibiting as much eagerness to send a deadly "service" as if they were still school-boys, and had nothing else to think of but the triumphs of muscles and sinews. No clergyman need fear to be seen handling a racquet; and if the dream of some reformers is to become a reality, and Sunday afternoon is ever to see revived the antique glories of the village green, surely it is by lawn-tennis that the tempting goal will be reached. As yet the game has not permeated all classes of the community; nor will its lasting character be assured until this is achieved. What has conferred continuous vitality upon cricket and foot-ball is that they are "understanded of the people." It may be said that, in comparison with the number of persons who can play at one time in one court, lawn-tennis is an expensive game, and that this must operate as a barrier to its adoption by the people at large. But this is an obstacle of anything but an insuperable character. It would be easy enough to reduce the cost, and in country districts there is rarely any difficulty in raising subscriptions for the support of clubs whose object is the promotion of sports. A game that is the game of only one class, or at most of only one section of the community, can never excite the enthusiasm or acquire the national dignity enjoyed by one where, by a touch of nature, prince, peer and peasant are made kin. Lawn-tennis is exactly calculated to be a game of the latter sort. It is for old and young, for men and women, for the strong and the weak; it expands the lungs, strengthens the muscles, improves the condition, and takes off "weight" as surely as a Turkish bath, and more wholesomely. Such a game ought to be "national" in the best sense of the word.

There is a genial, social aspect about lawn-tennis that has, no doubt, largely ministered to the growth of its popularity. It possesses no mysteries like the ancient and classic game whose name it has borrowed, and whose champions look down upon the intruder as rather a sorry sort of parvenu. A person who can not be made to understand that the advance at a bound from "fifteen" to "thirty" is a perfectly natural numerical progression, that thirty as a matter of course leaps at once to forty, and that "deuce" is the parent of "vantage," must be singularly crass. Moreover, lawn-tennis may be watched with delight and interest, even by those whose intellects are below—or above—mastering such elementary propositions as these. The skill of the player may be appreciated by people who have not a conception what is the score; and the neatness with which a ball is "placed," or the rapidity with which it is "volleyed," need not be missed because the spectator is utterly at sea as to which side of the net is getting the best of it. —*London Standard.*

—During the war a Masonic Lodge at Fredericksburg, Va., was sacked, and among the articles carried off was the silver level of a Senior Warden, which was undoubtedly used by Washington, who was a member of the lodge. This interesting weapon was deposited among the archives of Integrity Lodge, of Philadelphia, by Captain Warren J. Young, a former member, together with a memorandum stating that it was to be returned to the Fredericksburg Lodge "after the State of Virginia, as a whole, ceases to be in rebellion against the Government of the United States." The relic was overlooked until a few weeks ago, when a newly elected Secretary discovered it, and after a fraternal correspondence with his Southern brethren, returned it to them.—*Philadelphia Record.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The goat is in danger of losing his main article of diet. A new industry is the collection of tin cans for melting into window weights.

—Dr. Freize, a Brazilian physician, has discovered in the blood of yellow-fever patients a minute parasite which, he believes, is the cause of yellow fever.

—A stock company has been formed in Schuyler, Neb., with a capital stock of $10,000, for the purpose of manufacturing syrup from the amber sugar-cane.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A gentleman living in Florida has patented a process for making sugar and syrup from cassava, and, after experiment, writes that he has no doubt cassava cultivation will, in a few years, be the most profitable employment of the people in that State.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A San Francisco inventor claims to have constructed a life-saving raft capable of accommodating 500 passengers. It is 108 feet long and twenty-eight feet wide when inflated, yet can be stowed away under the bulwarks of a vessel, occupying a space only three feet wide, three feet high and twenty-eight feet long.

—Miss Ada Parker is a girl of eighteen who lives on a cotton plantation two miles from Monroe, La. For the last four years she has had exclusive charge of the place, upon which her widowed mother, sister and two younger brothers reside, supporting them all by her own industry. She is her own overseer, supervising all work done in person.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Hay grown west of the Mississippi is fed in Charleston, after having been carried 2,000 miles. It has not been many years since the idea of profitably carrying so bulky a product one-fifth of that distance would have been laughed at. Since that time freights for long distances have been much reduced, and farmers have learned how to put their hay and straw in much better shape for shipment.—*Chicago Herald.*

—"Mr. Serrell, of New York," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "has received the gold medal of the Lyons (France) Academy for his invention for the automatic reeling of silk by electricity. Mr. Serrell went to Lyons some years ago and won the confidence of the great capitalists there, getting them to accept his labor-saving machinery, which will work much the same revolution that was accomplished by the cotton-gin. The fortunate inventor is still a young man, and his friends believe he has an extraordinary career before him."

—A second electric boat has been launched upon the Thames. It is forty-six feet long and can carry fifty passengers. Its motive force lies concealed in seventy boxes, each of one horse power stored under the floor of the boat, and at the end there is a Siemens dynamo, the spindle of which is continued so as to form the screw, without intermediate gearing. A speed of nine miles an hour can be maintained for six or seven hours, when the secondary batteries have to be replenished. There is no noise, or heat, or smoke, or smell, or waste, and the machinery takes up so little room that practically the entire boat is available for passenger accommodations.

PITH AND POINT.

—The report comes from New York that the dudes are taking to drinking absinthe. Sh! don't say a word; absinthe is said to be fatal in three years. —*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

—A little boy, disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed: "It's true; for ma *says* so; and if *ma* says so, it *is* so, whether it is *so* or *not!*"

—A Boston school girl can not be made to speak of overalls. She prefers to call them super-omnes. Now let some of those wild Western sheets again sneer at our culture, if they dare!—*Boston Transcript.*

—A man who paid a plumber $500 for putting the water on every floor of his house, said when the kitchen chimney caught fire the engine company did the same job without charging him a cent.—*Chicago Times.*

—An enthusiastic country exchange remarks: "The hills and valleys are carpeted with the verdant growing crops." A neat idea. The carpet, strictly speaking, is of the ingrain variety.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—Ice-cream is now made from kaolin, a white clay, sweetened with glucose and flavored with chemicals, and yet, notwithstanding all this extra trouble, it is sold at the same price as the old-fashioned kind.—*Philadelphia News.*

—"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars easy," was the reply. —*N. Y. Independent.*

—A conundrum constructor, whose name is unknown to fame, has found out by experience the difference between a sweetheart and a wife is almost akin to the difference between a gold-headed cane and a wart on your nose. You carry the one around with you because you like to and the other because you've got to.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—A schoolmistress of Yreka, Cal., while on her way to school was attacked by an infuriated steer. "She seized the animal by the horns and held him until help came." The next day she saw a rat in the school-room, when she hastily gathered her skirts about her, jumped up on a desk, and yelled murder. A rat has no horns for a woman to grab hold of.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An ambitious Burlington woman ordered a new poke bonnet: "Make the bonnet as big as the price." In about a week a hay wagon, having scared all the street cars off the track on its way, halted and drew up in front of her house with a thing on it so much bigger than the block that the woman couldn't keep it in town without paying storage to the city.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Savannah has a bicycler who once had a race with a railway train in Scotland. He beat it by more than fifteen minutes in a race of forty-seven miles. He made no stops, however, as the train did.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Our Young Folks.

HE COULDN'T SAY "NO!"

O, It was sad and it was strange!
He just was full of knowledge,
His studies swept the whole broad range
Of High-school and of College;
He read in Greek and Latin, too,
Loud Sanscrit he could utter;
But one small thing he couldn't do
That comes as pat to me and you
As eating bread and butter:
He couldn't say "No!" He couldn't say "No!"

I'm sorry to say it was really so!
He'd diddle and dawdle, and stutter, but oh!
When it came to the point he could never say "No!"

Geometry he knew by rote,
Like any Harvard Proctor;
He'd sing a fugue out note by note;
Knew Physics like a Doctor;
He spoke in German and in French;
Knew each Botanic table;
But one small word, that you'll agree
Comes pat enough to you and me,
To speak he was not able:
For he couldn't say "No!" He couldn't say "No!"

'Tis dreadful, of course, but 'twas really so!
He'd diddle, and dawdle, and stutter, but oh!
When it came to the point he could never say "No!"

And he could fence, and swim, and float,
And use the gloves with ease, too,
Could play base-ball, and row a boat,
And hang on a trapeze, too:
His temper was beyond rebuke,
And nothing made him lose it;
His strength was something quite superb,
But what's the use of having nerve
If one can never use it?
He couldn't say "No!" He couldn't say "No!"
If one asked him to come, if one asked him to go,
He'd diddle, and dawdle, and stutter, but oh!
When it came to the point he could never say "No?"

When he was but a little lad,
In life's small ways progressing,
He fell into this habit bad
Of always acquiescing;
'Twas such an amiable trait,
To friend as well as stranger,
That half unconsciously at last
The custom held him hard and fast
Before he knew the danger.
And he couldn't say "No!" He couldn't say "No!"

To his prospects, you see, 'twas a terrible blow;
He'd diddle, and dawdle, and stutter, but oh!
When it came to the point he could never say "No!"

And so for all his weary days
The best of chances failed him;
He lived in strange and troublous ways,
And never knew what ailed him;
He'd go to skate where ice was thin;
He'd join in deeds unlawful;
He'd lend his name to worthless notes,
He'd speculate in stocks and oats;
'Twas positively awful!
For he couldn't say "No!" He couldn't say "No!"

He would veer like a weather-cock turning so slow;
He'd diddle, and dawdle, and stutter, but oh!
When it came to the point he could never say "No!"

Then, boys and girls who hear my song,
Pray heed its theme alarming:
Be good, be wise, be kind, be strong—
These traits are always charming;
But all your learning, all your skill
With well-trained brain and muscle,
Might just as well be left alone,
If you can't cultivate backbone
To help you in life's tussle,
And learn to say "No!" Yes, learn to say "No!"
Or you'll fall from the heights to the rapids below!
You may waver, and falter, and tremble, but oh!
When your conscience requires it, be sure and shout "No!"

—*Wide Awake.*

GRANDMA THOMPSON'S WONDERFUL DREAM.

The new kittens lay upon an old coat on top of a barrel of shavings in the woodshed. There were six of them—perfect beauties; two all black, two black and white, one of no particular color and one lively little tiger-cat, black and gray with yellow stripes.

"Well," said Grandma Thompson, when she had admired them duly, "we will keep *one*. I think this one is the prettiest," and grandma touched the little tiger-cat with her forefinger; "but you may choose, Mary. Silas will drown the others in the mill-pond."

"Oh!" Mary looked at Grandma Thompson with a vague idea that she had turned into a monster, like the wolf in "Red Riding-Hood," but as grandma's face wore its usual peaceful aspect, instead of "O grandma! what a big mouth you've got!" Mary ventured to say: "O grandma! why can't we keep them all! Poor, poor little things!"

Grandma Thompson laughed one of her funny laughs. First she tossed her head to one side and half shut her eyes, so that you would not have thought that she was going to laugh at all, then came a little scream, another pause, and at last such a jolly "ha! ha! ha! ha-a-a-a!" that all the merriment of her soul seemed to be coming out in little bubbles.

"O Mary! seven cats in one house! It's enough to distract a person to think of it. Why, their noise would drive me wild, and besides, they would eat us out of house and home."

"But poor Tabby'll miss them so!" pleaded Mary.

"Pooh!" said grandma, contemptuously, "*she* won't care; she can't count, you know, and if she has one left, it will be all the same to her," and Grandma Thompson waddled off into the house to take her afternoon nap.

Grandma Thompson lay down upon the wide lounge—it had to be wide, for granema was so fat that she reminded one of the pictures of Santa Claus—and little Mary sat down upon a hassock, with a box of gaudy-colored paper and a pair of scissors, to cut "paper-hash" for the doll's breakfast.

Pretty soon grandma began to toss and moan in her sleep, and to wave her arms wildly. Mary, who had been taught what she must do when grandma did that, went and patted her gently, saying:

"Wake up, grandma! wake up! It's only a bad dream."

But it seemed to take grandma a long time to wake up. Even when she had so far roused herself as to sit up, she still kept her eyes shut and moaned. But when she really was fairly awake, she laughed until the tears rolled down her fat cheeks.

"O Mary, Mary, child!" said grandma, "I have had such a dream!"

Mary brought her hassock and sat down at grandma's feet, to prepare for the treat which awaited her, for Grandma Thompson, who was a great dreamer, loved dearly to tell her dreams, and Mary, who was the only one in the house who liked to hear them, thought they were as good as fairy-tales.

"I dreamed," began grandma, "that we were all in India. At least, the boys were; I'm sure I don't know where I was." Grandma Thompson stopped to wipe her glasses, for her seven sons, two of whom slept beneath the daisies on the hillside, while the rest were in foreign lands, were still "the boys" to her, though they were brown and bearded men.

"I saw them all, Mary," said grandma, impressively, "sitting around a camp-fire. I tried to get to them, but the jungle was so thick that I could not. I called them, but they only said: 'The wind is rising;' and once, when I broke a dry twig, they said: 'There is a wild beast near.' Oh, it all seemed so real!"

Grandma stopped to laugh again, though I do not believe that the tears which she wiped away were entirely caused by her laughter.

"And then," she continued, "I heard a terrible roar, and looking around—what do you suppose I saw? It was Tabby and all the kittens, but they had all turned into ferocious tigers, and were crouching, just ready to spring upon the boys—*my* boys," said grandma, with a little quiver in her voice, though she laughed at the idea.

"But, Mary, what do you suppose Tabby did? She lifted up one paw, and pointed right at your father, and she said—oh dear, it just kills me to think of it!—she said: 'There! I think *that* one is the prettiest; we'll save him, but kill all the others. All spring now when I do.' Yes, Mary, Tabby really did say that. But that blessed little tiger-cat, Mary, she looked up into her mother's face, just as you did into mine, and said, oh so pityingly: 'O mammy, let's save them all!' But Tabby said: 'Seven boys in one house! Why, it's enough to distract a person to think of it; their noise would drive one wild; and, besides, they would eat us out of house and home.'

"Why, Tabby must have understood every word that I said," said Grandma Thompson, as eagerly as if she were telling a real incident, "she repeated my very words almost."

Then Grandma Thompson recollected herself, and she and Mary laughed in concert. "And the little tiger-cat, Mary, she said: 'But the poor mother'll miss them so!' and, Mary, did you ever hear of such a thing? Tabby turned right around and looked at me and said: 'Pooh! *she* won't care; she can't count, and if she has one left, it will be all the same to her.' Oh, the idea of such a thing as a mother having to count to know whether she has all her children or not!

"Well, Mary," said Grandma Thompson, after a long and solemn pause, during which her indignation seemed to be struggling with her amusement. "I can't have seven cats in the house, really I can't; but I'll keep two—the little tiger and one other. But I am sure, I shall never think again that a mother doesn't know whether she has lost any of her children or not, because she can't count them."—*Kate Lawrence, in Youth's Companion.*

How Jessie Helped Mamma.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! That was the telephone bell. Mamma dropped Neddy and her sewing, and ran down-stairs.

"Halloo! Is that you, papa?"—"Yes—of course, all right"—"Good bye," said mamma; then she rang off, and went up-stairs again.

"Papa has just sent word that Aunt Kate and Uncle Joe are in town, and will be here at dinner," she said to Lucy. "The cook is sick in bed, and I must make a cake to eat with the frozen custard. Jessie can go down stairs with me, and you must take care of Neddy until I come back."

"All right, mamma, said Lucy, "but I wish I could help you make the cake."

"Some other time, Lucy; but to-day help mamma by keeping Neddy out of mischief."

"Me help mamma make cake to-day," said Jessie, "me and my dolly."

Then they went into the kitchen. Mamma put her two little helpers in a high chair, and then got the things ready for the cake.

"One cup of sugar, four eggs, a cup of butter, three cups of flour," said mamma, as she put them on the table, "and two spoonfuls of baking powder stirred into the flour."

Just then the milkman came, and mamma ran to get the dish for him. The box of baking-powder stood by the snowy heap of flour within Jessie's reach.

"I s'pect I must help mamma," she said.

Mamma came back soon, stirred up the cake, poured it into the pan, and popped it into the oven.

"Uncle Joe always likes cake, and I think that will be a nice one, don't you, Jessie?" giving the dear little girl a kiss on the tip of her floury nose.

"I think so, too, mamma, 'cause I helped."

Pretty soon mamma opened the oven door. What in the world was the matter with the cake? Up! up! it was going, over the top of the pan, higher, higher, until it dropped down an ran all over the bottom of the oven. Mamma was used to Jessie's ways of helping; so she only groaned, and shut the oven door. Then she looked into the baking-powder box. It was empty! Jessie had put half a pint of baking-powder into three cups of flour!

No wonder the cake tried to climb out of the oven. It was too late to make another. Mamma told Uncle Joe about it. He laughed so hard that Lucy thought he would choke. Then he said: "If you will come and be my cook, Jessie, I'll give you three dollars a week." But Jessie shook her curly head, and said: "I can't, 'cause I have to help mamma."—*Our Little Ones.*

—Lavender water is much appreciated during the summer by those who use it. It is well to saturate the handkerchief with this delicate perfume, and also the boudoir or sitting-room. It is pleasant and cooling to the skin, and the odor is never overpowering, no matter how much it is used.—*N. Y. Post.*

—As an illustration of the extent to which the practice of duelling is spreading in Germany, it may be mentioned that an advocate not long ago challenged the presiding Judge of a Court at Bromberg on account of some observation officially made by the latter in the course of a trial.

—A new law of Missouri allows nobody to practice medicine unless holding a diploma from a medical college of recognized standing. This statute applies also to dentists and bone setters. Dealers in patent medicines are required to take out a special license.—*St. Louis Republican.*